

Dramatic Frolics.

TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

Of all the burlesques of the season, General, the most extravagant, the most non-sensical, the most incomprehensible, the most expensive, the most ridiculous, the most unprofitable, yet at the same time the most amusing, reaches today the best mounted, and the best played, was your own Burlesque of *THE SPANISH TRAGEDY*, or *THE SPANISH TRAGEDY*, brought out last Wednesday, for the eighth fourth time, or thereabouts, and in which you played all the parts yourself, including the audience, and made such a scene of it that the next day you looked and felt like an infinite fool, and turned a resolution never to do so no more, as long as you lived, or to account whatever to you or you didn't know yourself which you flattered yourself you did though I know very well that you didn't and now tell me to your face since I see very clearly that next year you will go and do the same thing again resolution and all which is just like you and I think you are perfectly right as in the long run you generally are and I don't mind saying so though I may have said the contrary a thousand times.

As for the other Burlesques, General, I notice that you keep your old fondness for Brougham's *Pack-Master*, and lead over it with delight every evening, while you have allowed *Docteur's* *Lady of the Lake* to go and down hill before your very eyes, and despite the entreaties of *Our* *Popular* *American* *Companion*, who like a new species of Oliver Twist, cry out *More! More!* continually, you refuse to see *LADY OF THE LAKE* on any terms, wherein you are very much like the Subscriber.

And now what shall I say about *TYCOON*, or *YOUNG AMERICA* in *JAPAN*?

I give you my word, I don't know, and I don't think I shall ever know, for I have not seen it, for since there is nothing in the piece, so far as I can make out, about Japan, and certainly nothing about Young America, I am followed at the very outset by the title.

I presume the authors, composers, adapters, translators, and all the rest of the party, for what not, are intended to get a title, and finally draw one out of a hat, on the principle that one would fit as well as another, and it didn't signify any way.

And I don't think it is.

Moreover I fancy nobody was very much grieved at the part of Japan being omitted, while as for Young America, his principal traits, while as for means such as appear to advantage either on the stage or off.

The authors, composers, adapters, translators, manufacturers, putters together, or what not, are probably well aware of this as you or I, General, so we will say no more about it.

Suffice it, that *TYCOON* or *YOUNG AMERICA* in Japan, despite its title and other defects, is a very entertaining bit of nonsense, and whatever I or any other wit may say about it, will have a long run.

Unlucky, General, that this fact does tend to raise you very much in my estimation, but in this world we have to take things as we find them (in other words, "such is life"), and as for moralizing in this hot weather about the drama or anything else, I should as soon think of reading Mr. Everett's *Lodge* papers, or of going down to Hammond street and paying one dollar, bankable money, to Mr. Yates, for scrambling over the *Great Eastern*.

Besides, I am as much of a fool as you are, General, in such matters, and when a new Extravaganza is brought out, if it only contains a fair number of witisms (say one to every hundred attempts), and now and then a brilliant epigram; and if, in addition, it is in the hands of such artists as Jefferson and Wood, I am pretty sure to be seen running after it every night, and laughing at it as heartily as if I were from the Poorland District, and had never seen anything in my life more fun than a Circus or a Town Meeting.

But why go on in this way, says you, "instead of giving me an outline of the plot of *TYCOON*—that being the play of the week, and a little sound, sensible criticism on it, as well as on the acting, the singing, the music, etc.?"

An easy question to ask, General, but suppose you had to do it?

Try your hand, some day, at analyzing such a thing, or at understanding it even. Take the one in question, for instance, and tell me, when you have finished, whether you have got at the plot of a Burlesque, or so much as the burlesque of a Plot.

No, General: there are things in this world that must be examined too closely, that mustn't, in fact, be examined at all, and among them I class all kinds of Extravaganzas, which accomplish their sole end if they only make you laugh, whether at them (as is generally the case) or with them.

And I don't think I ever heard you laugh more heartily, whether "at" or "with," is of no consequence than you did last Thursday evening (it took three or four evenings to get the piece into good laughing order) at this same "Tycoon."

Nor are you likely to have another such chance until Professor Anderson, the World-renowned Wizard of the North and Monarch of Magicians, comes here, which he intends to do shortly, according to the Boston papers, to establish a "PYROMANTIC" (only think of it), assisted by "Mr. John Henry Anderson, Junior, wizard attendant," and "Miss Ellen Anderson, the modern mesmerist, pianist, and retro-reminiscent orthopedist."

Meanwhile, O stupid General! allow me to subvert myself. Your corresponding friend,

QUEERIES.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that if you haven't been to see John Brougham's *Pyromantic*, now is your last chance, as this (Saturday) evening it is to be withdrawn to make way for his more celebrated *COLUMBA*, which will be played all next week, after which Mr. Brougham leaves for Europe, carrying with him such an amount of respect and esteem that he ought to pay double passage.

This is also the last week of the *HANNOVER* *BARNUM*, whose strutting acrobatic performances I have refrained from speaking of only on account of my utter inadequacy to do them justice. The great difficulty with the *Hannons* is that they do all but impossible things, with such perfect ease and grace that you almost fancy, General, that with a little practice you could do them yourself, which I don't suppose you could if you practiced at them from now till Doomsday—Sundays included.

P. S. 8.—This afternoon, if you haven't anything better to do, and I don't believe you have, you had better go to Nixon's and see your old favorites Dolly Davenport and Polly Marshall (Dolly and Polly go very well together, don't they?) in Morton's farce of the *Evil Eye*.

I have told you a word about the *BORCAVIER* because you always keep the run of them much better than I do. I suppose you like them better. We all like Agnes, of course, for the simple reason that we can't help it, but as for Dora, I think if you should just let him alone for a year or two, it would do him a heap of good, without harming anybody else.

DEVOTIONAL ELUQUEENCE.

The Cincinnati *Daily News*, in an editorial which has for its text a recent sermon delivered by Dr. Bellows in that city, says of the prayer which preceded it:

Dr. Bellows is a cultivated elucubrator. His opening prayer at the evening service on Sunday was a finished and artistic piece of execution. It has often occurred to us that our preachers might vastly increase their power over their hearers by taking lessons of elucubrator from the theatre, provided it could be done without ruining their standing in the Church, which of course cannot be done in this city, especially if they

should happen to sit in the pit with boatmen and common people. But actors of fame might have improved their art by taking a lesson from Dr. Bellows' execution of that prayer.

CHESS.

A report has reached me, originating in the office of the *Evening Bulletin*, which bestows upon me the authorship of certain articles on Chess, published within a few weeks in the *Spirit of the Times* of this city. A late paragraph in the *Evening Bulletin*, couched in a polished phraseology, and characterized by the labored-learning of the artful ARTISIAN, seems to imply the same thing. The mistake was perhaps a very natural one, for the articles are exceedingly clever. And ARTISIAN, having learned to look up with reverence to the Chess-Editor of the *SATURDAY PRESS*, and to envy the classic style, the wonderful erudition, and the admirable modesty displayed throughout the brilliant career of this journal, ascribes everything of unusual excellence in the Chess way to that source. I do not hesitate to say that I approve of the deservingly severe tone of the contribution which the *Spirit of the Times* has lately made to our Chess literature: I like their caustic humor and weighty logic. The reader will therefore understand the reluctance with which I deny any participation in their composition.

The further word. The persistence with which the *Evening Bulletin* advocates every Chess-error, and patronizes every Chess-criminal, is attributable to its inability to rid itself of ARTISIAN. With the tenacity of a barnacle he clings to the Philadelphia Chess-craft, and impedes its progress toward the port of enlightenment. Although the warnings of the virtuous may be wasted upon so wanton a wanderer from the ways of wisdom, nevertheless I feel impelled to offer him the following advice: Let him carefully study the dictionaries; let him read the best works of the best Chess-writers; let him give his days and nights to many perusals and repusals of a file of the *SATURDAY PRESS* Chess-column; let him utter no false accusations against any man, either in private letters or in public prints; and finally let him retire from the *Evening Bulletin* to a life of virtue, solaced by those sweet reflections which such a penitent and reformed course will inevitably induce.

THE CHESS-EDITOR.

(From the Christian Inquirer.)

ACROSS THE SEA.

BY WALTER RIPLEY BARTLETT.

Across the sea, across the sea,
In dream, I wish that I were there;
There, only there can I be free,
There only safe from my despair.

I wander, waving on the shore,
Lately made to our Chess literature: I like their caustic humor and weighty logic. The reader will therefore understand the reluctance with which I deny any participation in their composition.

I strain my eyes belittled with tears,
To look beyond the sad dingy air;
They see no rest to soothe the fears,
The anguish, and the grief of life.

No hope, no rest—what use to die?
What use to live? There is no love
Beligion is a curse, a lie;
No peace before, no God above.

Anguished I turn my eyes away;
They rest upon the deep-blue sky;
No cloud obscures the golden day,
Soft loveliness and purity.

Deep Infinite of love, of peace,
Sweet refuge for my raptured sight,
I did my soul and soul's desire,
And feel the cross I bear is light.

(From the London Athenaeum.)

CRUDEN'S INSANITY.

We are inclined to think that the most touching instance of insanity in literary men is that of Alexander Cruden. The bearer of this well known name was the son of an Aberdeen magistrate, and was born in 1701. He took his degree of M. A. when he was nineteen years of age, and was preparing for the ministry when he fell passionately in love with the daughter of a Kirk-minister, at Aberdeen. The affection was not returned. The young and ardent lover went mad, and he was placed in confinement. There a calm came occasionally over his disturbed spirit: at such return it tarried longer than before. In his lucid intervals young Cruden turned to study, and therein he did not forget, he found some compensation for the indifference of the fair girl, whose heart was all given to a giddy love.

In a year or two Alexander was released, came up to London, gave private lessons, went to the Isle of Man, was restless for awhile, but subsequently returned to the capital, where he found employment as a corrector of the press. His talents, industry, and integrity, procured for him friends of such quality, that in 1735, he was appointed librarian to Caroline, wife of George the Second. It was then that he addressed himself to the completion of that great work with which his name is still connected, "Cruden's Concordance"—in which he did alone, what five hundred monks to help him, had attempted in vain.

It must have been a proud moment when, in 1737, Cruden presented the first copy of this volume to the Queen, who promised him some noble recompense. But Caroline died ere it was awarded, and Cruden, who had engaged all his little fortune on that huge venture, stricken again with terror and disappointment, again made shipwreck of his reason, and was conveyed to an asylum in Bethnal Green. In course of time he issued thence in better but not in a perfect state of health and mind. He published with pamphlets, and entered actions, which he would fain conduct himself; against those who recently had him under their care; but gradually he settled down again, a corrector of the press, remarkable for his profound scholarship, his unbroken taciturnity, and his unrelieved melancholy.

A singular accident then occurred to him: he accompanied a friend to a house in the city, the door of which was accidentally opened by the early and sole idol of his heart. Cruden sprang back, trembling from head to foot; and leaning on his friend for support, exclaimed as he pointed to her, "It is she! It is she!" and then gazing at her, added, "And the same black eyes! the same black eyes!" The gloom of the noble lover and profound scholar settled round him thicker and more oppressively than ever till 1753, when he was again under restraint. When he was once more released, he suggested to his relatives, that as some compensation for what he had endured, they should among them suffer as much loss of liberty, in various prisons to be chosen by themselves, as he had been deprived of, unjustly as he thought, during his confinement.

His after-life was a strange mixture of the wild and the sensible. He would work well half the night through at correcting proofs of the classics, completed a new edition of his "Concordance" in 1776—which the King rewarded by a present of £100—and proclaiming himself public corrector of morals, demanded to be so recognized by an Order in Council, and therewith to have conferred upon him the honor of knighthood! He wrote and lectured in Latin and in English on this subject, and in various parts of the country.

As he went he scrupulously tore from the walls all bills which seemed to him to be dangerous to morals; with a sponge, which he always carried for that purpose, he effaced all inscriptions which he thought unbecoming in a pure and Christian land. As he grew older his reason became more disturbed, and perhaps it was some resemblance to his Aberdeen idol which induced him to pay such court to a baronet's daughter as to compel the father to take the young lady on foreign travel.

Poor Cruden immediately printed copies of prayers, to be publicly used for her sake; and when this did occur, the simple swain harmlessly employed himself in circulating printed thanksgivings for that happy event. Soon after this he died—with an affecting touch of madness in the manner of his death.

'SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN' POETRY.

The *Springfield Republican*, which cannot see anything but nonsense and fol-de-rol in Walt Whitman's Poems, exhibits to us its own notions of poetry by producing the following verses which, truth to say, are quite up to the common standard of the provincial Press.

MY LOVE.

BY A LAY-LOVER.
O, I have a love! If in regions above
There are loves more lovely than mine,
Still this love from my heart should never depart
Though to fix on an angel divine!
For right nobly she showed that on me she bestowed
Her first love fully and free,
Gave me the first kiss, and more even than this,
She's the one the Great Father gave me.
And each night and each day to that Father I pray
He will guard my love treasure, for O
The Love that I love is the loveliest Love
Of all the loves I know!

And O she is fair—surpassingly fair—
And she moves with so queenly a grace,
And the lightning-like flashes from her dark
Enliven her radiant face.
Other glances bestowed brightly on me have glowed,
But O, none so sweetly e'er shine.
And long may that light as sweetly gleam bright,
And bring joy to this lone heart of mine.
For those loving smiles given seem like glimpses of
Heaven.

Just opening around me, and O
The Love that I love is the loveliest Love
Of all the loves I know!

Sweet at day's weary close this third I repose
Where head me'er was pillowed before,
And as sure to my breast as a bird to its nest,
Do I feel when day's labor is o'er.
What the world may declare I know not nor care!
Of that world I care not, for O
And what e'er it may bring to that centre I'll cling
As long as existence shall be.
Then away with that smile that would fondly beguile
The Love that I love is the loveliest Love
Of all the loves I know!

O what comfort were life with its turmoil and strife,
Though e'en on the bright heavens above
Were blue and serene and earth ever green,
Were it not for my angel of love!
And the grief of each day, as to labor away,
I relinquish the joy of her charms,
Is o'erpass'd with delight as returning at night,
I enshroud my love in my arms.

And enshrined with it, as if joy greater than this is,
'Tis not of earth's pleasures, and O
The Love that I love is the loveliest Love
Of all the loves I know!

(From the London Athenaeum.)

GREAT LAW OF DRAWINGS.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's Collection of Drawings by the Old Masters was sold by Messrs. Christie & Manson, on the 4th of June, and following days. The following were the most interesting lots: By Michael Angelo, The Adam, a drawing in red chalk, for the Creation of Eve in the Sistine Chapel, with a sketch of a man's head on the other side, both engraved by Costly, 242.—The Virgin, Infant Christ, and John, in black and white chalk, from the collection of M. Buonarroti, descendant of the artist, an admirable drawing, amongst the best in the whole collection, 201 guineas.—Christ on the Cross, with two angels sketched in the sky, delicately drawn in black chalk, 40 guineas.—The Dead Body of Christ on the Knees of the Virgin, at the foot of the Cross, two angels and the Virgin, in black chalk, engraved by Bonasconi, 60 guineas.—David throwing a Stone from the sling, study for the torso of the famous statue, in black chalk, on the other side of the paper, some charming pen-sketches of children, 43 guineas.—Isaiah, first design for the figure in the Sistine Chapel, in black chalk, engraved by Ottley, 42 guineas.—The Fall of Phaeton, study for the picture, with an inscription at the foot, in Michael Angelo's hand, designating it as a present to Tommaso di Cavalieri, in black chalk, from the Crozat Collection, 43 guineas.—By Claude, a landscape-drawing, God appearing to Moses in the Burning Bush, in black and white, from Lord Spencer's collection, 47 guineas.—By Correggio, a Study of a Young Man, adopted by Panigiano in the St. Jerome picture now in the National Gallery, in colored chalk, 79 guineas.—By Van Dyke, a Portrait of H. Van Eynden, the sculptor, in black chalk and Indian ink, the drawing for the engraving by Vosterman, 57.—Portrait of Sir T. Mayne, physician to Charles the First, the figure finished in color, the drapery in black chalk, 51 guineas.—By Holbein, an admirable drawing, in his best style, of a Design, for a Cup, on vellum, 53.—By Sir Thomas Lawrence, a profile Portrait of the young Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon the First (Napoleon the Second), in black chalk, 31 guineas.—By Andrea Mantegna, profile Portrait of a Man in Armor, in silver-pen, supposed to be intended for Nero, 236.—By Raphael, Lot and his Daughters departing from Sodom, design for the Loggia, pen, with bistre and white, from the collections of Christina of Sweden, Crozat, and Dimadale, 120 guineas.—Jacob's Dream, the Vatican subject, 250 guineas.—The Entombment, eight figures, the three crosses in the distance, pen, with bistre and white, 210 guineas.—Apollonius of the Virgin: below she is represented lying dead upon a bier, surrounded by Apostles, above she is crowned by the Saviour, pen, bistre and white, 105 guineas.—A similar drawing, 135 guineas.—The Virgin, Infant Christ, and John, from the collection of the Duke of Alva, 350 guineas.—St. Cecilia and other Saints, made for M. Antonio's engraving, pen, with bistre and white, 70 guineas.—The original drawing for M. Antonio's engraving, The Post, in black and white on grey paper, charmingly delicate, from King Charles the First's Collection, also, a drawing of an Evangelist, from the Vinde Collection, 551 guineas.—Portrait of Raphael at Fourteen, in a cap, engraved by Ottley, in black chalk, with some anatomical drawings on the reverse, 70 guineas.—Study for the Head of St. Peter in the Transfiguration, in black chalk; has written on the reverse, "From the Duke of Devonshire to Sir Thomas Lawrence, June, 1828," 25 guineas.—Marriage of Alexander and Roxana, in bistre and white, 80 guineas.—Alexander depositing the Illad of Homer, the drawing for M. Antonio's engraving, in red chalk, 70 guineas.—Study for the Venus in the Farnesina fresco of the Feast of the Gods, red chalk, 46 guineas.—Attila, differing from the Vatican fresco; drawn with the pen in bistre and white.—The Defeat of the Saracens at Orléans, also varying from the fresco, drawn in the same way; and two nude figures seated on a couch, freely drawn with the pen, on the back some lines written by the artist, 80 guineas.—A Grand Religious Ceremony—a Pope ordaining a priest, a large number of figures attending, a large drawing with the pen in white and bistre; and an Angel holding a Banner, a cartoon, life size, in black and white chalk, 22 guineas.—Portrait of Timotheo Della Vite, also of life, 320 guineas.—By Rembrandt, the Calumny of Apelles, from the original of Andrea Mantegna, and the last master's drawing itself, pen, with bistre, 70 guineas.—By Rubens, the Holy Family, a circular composition, very highly finished, in pen with bistre, from the Mariette Collection, 65 guineas.—The Portrait of Elizabeth Brandt, his first wife, in a large straw hat and feather, seated, black and red chalk, from the Ottley Collection, and a Portrait of Rubens himself, in a hat and cloak, by his own hand, study for the Vienna picture, in black chalk, from the Vinde Collection, 88 guineas.—The Coronation of Mary de Medici, a present from Rubens to the Baron de Vio, highly finished in body and water color, 65 guineas.—By Leonardo da Vinci, a sheet of numerous studies for the Madonna and Infant,

with the Lamb, pen, 90 guineas.—Three Caricature Heads on one sheet, and another similar, in bistre, with the pen, 41 guineas.—Design for a Chalice, supported by Cupids, and surmounted by a figure of Justice, pen and chalk, and a splendid Design for a Tomb, enclosed with statues, etc., pen and bistre, from the Ottley Collection, 69 guineas.—a sheet of Studies of Instruments of War, showing a chariot with scythes attached, drawn by horses; an explosive machine, with inscriptions, written, in the artist's usual way in such cases, back-wards, Bistre—another sheet of Studies, the principal being the Virgin and Child, in pen; others in black chalk—Heads and Geometrical Designs, on the back, two additional sketches of the Virgin and Child, pen, 62 guineas.—a handsome Female Head, in profile, wearing a quality-designed helmet, a very beautiful drawing, 45 guineas.—the Virgin, Christ, and St. John, with an Angel, in a rocky landscape—(La Vierge au Rocher)—marvellously finished in Indian ink and white, 70 guineas.

MARRIAGE BY CLERGYMEN.

Mr. Jas. Savage, who has made extensive historical and genealogical researches, stated at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society some time since, that he had discovered no record of a marriage performed by a clergyman in New England prior to 1680, except in George's Province, by a clergyman of the Church of England. The statement elicited some discussion. It was accounted for by the fact that marriage was considered by the Puritans to be a civil contract and not a religious rite. In abjuring the forms and ceremonies of the Established Church as offshoots of Popery, the marriage sacrament was also abandoned. Winthrop's History of New England contains the following:

1647, 4, 4th day, 6th month. There was a great marriage to be solemnized at Boston. The bridegroom being of Hingham, Mr. Hubbard's church, he was procured to preach, and came to Boston for that end. But the magistrates, hearing of it, sent him to forbear. The reasons were: 1. For that his spirit had been discovered to be aversive to our ecclesiastical and civil government; and he was a bold man and would speak his mind. 2. We were not willing to bring in the English custom of ministers performing the solemnities of marriage, which sermons at such times might induce; but if any ministers were present, and would bestow a word of exhortation, &c., it was permitted.—Boston Journal.

Derby & Jackson will have ready for the early Fall trade: "Women of the South, Distinguished in Literature," by Mary Forrest, with portraits on steel of Madame Leveret, Mrs. Ritchie, Marion Harland, Miss Augusta J. Evans, Miss M. J. McIntosh, Rosa Vertue Johnson, L. Virginia French. Also, "The Loves and Heroines of the Poets," by Richard Henry Stoddard, illustrated with real and ideal portraits on steel, from designs by Barry and others, of Petronius's Laura, Tasso's Leonora, Surry's Geraldine, Johnson's Celia, Shakespeare's "Love," Walter's Schariana, Pope's Martha Blount, Byron's Maid of Athens, Burns's Highland Mary, Coleridge's Gertrude, Longfellow's Minniehaha, Truxton's Maud. The same house will publish in December, Poets and Poetry of the South, edited by John Estlin Cooke and John B. Thompson.

—Messrs. Trübner & Co., London, announce a new work by Charles Reade, entitled "The Eighth Commandment."

—The London Atlas says: "The annual production of Bibles in England is estimated by Mr. C. Knight at between two and three millions of copies. The books for which there is the next largest permanent demand are said to be 'Shakespeare,' and perhaps 'The Pilgrim's Progress'; but it is not considered that more than 20,000 copies of 'Shakespeare' are sold in a year. It appears that there was, until of late years, much cardroom in printing the Bible. So recently as 1831, Principal Lee stated: 'I do not know of any book of which it is so difficult to find a very correct edition as the English Bible.' The Bible now issued from the Universities and by the queen's printers are very accurate; the Oxford printers offer a guinea for the discovery of any mistake. But some of the Bibles allowed (on account of having notes) to be printed by private printers have verbal inaccuracies, and there are errors in some Bibles which have been published in Scotland, where Bible printing is free to all, but under supervision. Printers state that there is great difficulty in attaining correctness with regard to the italics; one improvement proposed has been that of printing within brackets the words necessary to make up the sense, instead of printing them in italics 'according to the barbarous custom of the present printers of the Scriptures,' which Mr. Knight also condemns as embarrassing to unlearned readers."

—Mr. Russell, of Albany, in announcing his "Order Book of General Burgoyne's Campaign, from the time the army assembled at Cumberland Head, 20th June, to its capitulation, 17th October, 1777," appeals to the Public Libraries, and gentlemen interested in American History, for patronage in bringing out his series of works. By subscribing at once, they will not only sustain the publisher in his not very remunerative task, but will secure volumes which hereafter will prove difficult to find.

BOOKS, ETC.

ENGLISH PAPERS.

THE LONDON ATHENAEUM. CONTEMPORARY MAGAZINE. THE LONDON REVIEW. LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW. A.L.O. Punch. London Times. Weekly Dispatch. London News. Weekly News. Lloyd's Newspaper. London Standard. Bell's Life. Sporting Life. Westminster Gazette. Dublin Nation. Liverpool Mercury. New News of the World. Illustrated Times. European Times. Family Herald. Cassell's Paper. Reynolds's Miscellany. L'illustration Universelle. Paris. Le Monde Illustré, Paris.

Received by the Weekly Omnibus Mail Line, and for sale at BRENTANO'S NEWS EMPORIUM AND BOOKSTORE. No. 638 Broadway, New York. Near Bowler street.

N.B.—Families going to the country for the Summer, by having their names with Mr. Brentano, can have the papers mailed to them regularly.

The North American Review.

No. CLXXXVIII.—FOR JULY, 1860.

Contents: About 1.—New edition of the Septuagint. 2.—Landscape Gardening. 3.—Haw's History of North Carolina. 4.—James Gales Perical. 5.—Savary in Rome. 6.—Jefferson's Private Character. 7.—Margaret Fuller (Ossoli). 8.—Strass and the Mythic Theory. 9.—Charities of Boston. 10.—Influence of Political Economy on Legislation. 11.—Recent French Literature. 12.—Ego Fancie. 13.—Critical Notices. 14.—New Publications.

This number commences a new volume of a Review which has for nearly fifty years stood at the head of the literature of our country, and has numbered among its contributors some of our most illustrious men. The writings of Webster, Everett, Bancroft, and Prescott, were first made known through this work; and its pages are now filled by articles from our most prominent writers.

The North American Review is published quarterly, in numbers of nearly three hundred pages each, at five dollars a year. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., No. 117 Washington Street, Boston.

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BOOKS, ETC.

LEAVES OF GRASS.

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